

STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST. BASED ON THE WORKINGS OF THE ENGLISH PENAL SYSTEM AND DEBTOR PRISON # # LAST WORK OF SIR WALTER BESANT

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Symopsis of Preceding Chapters. Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the dobtor's prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the diffi-cuity, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who, for a pairy sum, will assume Mrs. Wey-land's debts also. He proves to be a young lawyer, Macmamarn, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets how fore and reveal to marry a nerro CODhim free and agrees to marry a negro conhim rec. and agrees to make a material demmed to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to sountry life, but later fails heir-ess to a large fortune and becomes a social queen in London. Here she meets Macnamara, now a flourishing barrister, who pledges him self to her service, and is most attentive to her, to the anger of her brother-in-law, Lord, Stratherrick, Mirs, Weyland takes as secretary Allos Putton, daughter of a former creditor. CHAPTER IX. 141

For Atonement.

For the first few days at the house in St. James's Square, Alice, strange and ill at case, followed her patron about with wondering looks, not understanding what the transformation might mean. To Isabel she seemed always on the point of asking. "Who are you? Why do you do of the girl; but it was affection which What debts have to be paid?"

17 What debts have to be paid?" These were the whispers of an unquict conscience. The girl knew nothing about the she said, "must be paid." From time to time she remembered the conscience. The girl knew nothing about the debt that had to be paid; nor had she inught to connect been able with the name of Mr. Weyland,

The stately house frightened the girl at first; the lackeys in their livery; the giass coach with the conchman in his handsome cloth and the fine horses; the presence at the dinner table of the broth-er-in-law who grew daily more proud as he grew poorer, until by the end of the month Lucifer himself was humble by his idde: the walk is the more provide a firl who loved here is thow could firl who loved here is thow could he grew poorer, until by the end of the month Lucifer himself was humble by his side; the walk in the park among the beaux and among the fine ladles; the life without anxiety for the morrow's food; her own large and well-furnished room; the dresses which her patron gave her. the dresses which her patron gave her; the unfailing kindness with which she was the absence of her father with treated; his half-drunken mornings and his wholly drunken evenings, all these things togeth-er made her like unto one who moves in a dream. Shakespeare represents the drunken tinker changed into a gentle-man suddenly, in his sleep; I could wish that he had carried that transformation through the entire play, making him the principal actor and the hero of the piece. not a mere spectator. Alice was transformed into the companion of a gentle woman, not in a dream, but while broad awake. The witch of St. James's Square appeared upon the scene, like the fairy in the story of Cinderella; her rags dropped from her; she emerged habited like a young gentlewoman; her mother's squalld lodging fit for the abode of a reputable wife; starvation vanished; she herself was driven away, still Cinderella, in a coach and four to that part of the town where there is no penury, no starva-tion, no awful dread of the morrow, but, in their place a constant cheerfulness in-terrupted only by the minor emotions such as toothache, heartache, and other aches and a run of bad luck. Why should it last? Why had it begun? What did it "Child," said Isabel, "when will you for-

get the past? I see the memory in your eyes; things will not vanish; the days of misery are gone; you shall have no more fering ou and your mother-if I can What does your mother say? Is hinder. she reconciled to your stay with me?" "She cannot believe her own happiness. Oh, madam, she will live. She is already

ong. Good food and no more anxiety have made her well." "And you father?"

"Except for father," said Alice. "But why except him? Does he ill-treat

'Not unless you call drunkenness ill-

gether; she found out things that the girl liked and gave them to her; in a word, she did her best to make her lov the world and rejoice in her youth an beauty and forget the dreadful past. She watched the expansion of the blossom, closed up by frosts in the warm, soft airs of affection; she saw how the taste for dress and the love of finery-woman's instinctive gifts-were born in the girl's mind and quickly grew; how she came to be delighted by a ribbon and rapt by a touch of color; how the benumbing influence of her penury dropped from her like the ragged cloak of a mendicant and was forgotten. All women are born for happiness, warmth, plenty and love. A poor girl is a woman incomplete; a girl who has to work for her livelihood is a woman whose mission in life has falled; she should have been happy in giving hap piness to others. "Some day," Isabel thought, thinking upon her and watch-ing her, "Alloe will be loved and will fail in love. Then she will become what the

Lord meant her to be. Heaven send her a worthy mate!" It was an act of atonement, as I have

words of Mrs. Brymer, "The sirl," D1.88 her father's Mrs. Brymer, "will do you a mischief; for r. Weyland. sure and certain she will do you a mischief. She is bound to do you a mischlef. Every woman is a witch; every wom-an can foretell the future, though some and every woman knows the power of her sex. The words, when, she, remembered softly. No one certainly, after a time, would have believed that the girl was the daughter of a drunken, degraded wretch such as her father; no one would have be-lieved that she had gone through so terrible a time of privation and anxiety, that with hunger. Now, her check was touched again with the dainty bloom of nai stinginess. She will do nothing."

youth; her beauty was apparent to the world; her eyes no longer shone like curity. lights of despair upon a pitiless world; her step was light, her carriage free. She carolled, like a bird, about the house; she ran after Isabel and anticipated all her vishes;, she became her secretary; she kept her household accounts; she became keeper of the wardrobe. Isabel, looking on, every day rejoiced gone this morning?" with complacency over the thought of atonement. "Surely, surely," she said to herself, "the debt is paid. The mother is happy because the girl is happy, and because she is safe. As for the father, "What is-"

I did not lead him into drinking ways, and I cannot cure him. That debt he owes to himself. Yet a little while and the man will be no more. What I owe the man I pay to his wife and child." Atonements however, of this kind, are not always apcepted, nor are they always effectual, How could the girl do her an injury? She could not. Isabel looked in her frank eves and saw that she was to be trusted: the girl was honest through and through, all her thoughts were honest; she seemed not to know that she was beautiful. The eyes of gallants in the park were thrown away upon her. She had, indeed, no

thought, except of the affection which hegan with gratitude, of duty which also sprang out of gratitude. Of gratitude itis a self, which needed no awakening; of the wish to do something in return for so much kindness, and of the natural joy in the moment which Isabel made so pleas. He is always satisfied with a drink. He is one of the kind who for a drink will ant. "The girl," said Mrs. Brymer, a proph- do anything and say anything."

etess, like all her sex, "will do you a mis-chief. For sure, she will do you a mis-chief." I don't know why I want to see the man," said his lordship peevishly. "If your lordship will not see him there Isabel remembered the prophecy. It is nothing to be said. But you may pre-was absurd. What mischief could this was absurd. girl-such a girl-do her? Yet the mischief was begun already; the poor child knew nothing of it and suspected nothing. Yet the mischief was be-

around the room, and remembered the spacious apartments of his town house before the money lenders had gotten their life interest in it; and he realized-a thing which happened every day, the depths of his fall. In his hand was his purse, nearly empty; the sight of it made him comprehend still more vividly the depth of his fall. One who has been rich and lived in a noble house does not always trouble himself about the heavy change or he would go mad. Mostly he rubs along, eating and drinking, contented with the day's food and the day's drink, without remembering too much. But the memory rises before him from time to

time He sat in a loose gown with slippers on his feet and a nightcap on his head; be-fore him was a tankard of ale on which made his breakfast. The room contained no books of any kind, nor any-thing by which a dull day might be got through. Lord Stratherrick had but one. recreation, one occupation, one amuse-ment. He would willingly have gambled all day and all night and always. He would have looked forward to Heaven itself-a place which such as he regard as provided for men of rank, but dullwith pleasure had it been provided with a hazard table

Presently the door opened and Mr. Pinder appeared. "I beg your lordship's pardon. May I

"What do you mean, Pinder?" he re-plied peevishly, "by interrupting? Can't you see that I am just out of bed and that I am engaged with the morning draft? "I will look in again, my lord."

"No. Now you are here, stay. Pinder, I had the most infernal luck last night." "Dear! Dear!" the ex-valet murmured

oftly. "I am sorry to hear it." "You know the miserable allowance that my sister-in-law makes me. It is only the second week of the month. Pin-der, I lost very nearly the whole of it last night."

"The whole of it . . . the whole it . . . dear me . . . 'tis sad. haps her ladyship, Mrs. Weyland. . 'tis sad. Per-

only your lordship had any se-"Again, Pinder, you are a fool. Well, What do you want with me?" "I have come upon a business of more

Importance, my lord, than an evening's run of luck. "What can be more important than an Where are your senses

"Much more important. If your lordship will give me your attention. It is important to understand the whole case,

The ex-valet whispered-there was no need for lowering his voice, but some men think to show importance by a whisper. got the draper-the man about "I've whom I told your lordship-the man who

was made bankrupt by the Hon. Mrs. Weyland, widow of your lordship's broth-er, the Hon. Ronald. He is in my house, I can bring him to your lordship in a few minutes

'Oh, that person! We know his story. Besides, I've got no money to give him." "I have told him that your lordship will give him neither money nor drink." "I understand you to say that the man a pauper," "Your lordship had better see him. It

is really important. I have made him promise to tell your lordship the whole history. I shall pay him-with a drink.

The lady has long since rejoined her fam-"To be sure. And there was the scandal about the faro table-" "I say, Pinder, that you need not re call old stories."

"And the case of the young fellow who "A young fool! If he had only waited a

day or two. 'As your lordship says these family scandals do no harm to persons of your quality.

Perhaps his lordship exaggerated the power of rank in making family scandals power of rank in making family scandals of no effect. Certainly, the family scan-dal of being ruined, of having raised money on everything by the sale of pic-tures, books, plate and furniture; by the cutting down of woods, by selling his life interest in estates, had been so favorably restued by the world that his location had

interest in estates, had been so favorably received by the world that his lordentp had not a single friend left, that he was not received in any coffee-house or tavern fre-quented by his social equals; that he was no longer received in any club of gentie-men, and that no one in London was more universally shunned than himself. Yet be declared that family scandals could do him no harm.

"What can this shopkeeper do?" he asked. "What can he say? To whom can he say it?"

"As your lordship says-he can do noth-ing. No family scandal could hurt the Honorable Mrs. Weyland. Her ladyship would not even be annoyed, I suppose. The man comes to my house; he is admitted because he is a cousin of a member of the company; he drinks; his tongue is loosened, and he talks."

"But the story is talked about in your parlor. What does that atter?" "Oh, my lord. Pardon me-my parlor is

the Royal Exchage for news of the nobli-ity. My people, those who use my parlor, are not only valets; they are also footmen and coachmen; anything that is done is known to them. Do you suppose that a great lady can go anywhere, do anything, without its being known to all her serv-anis? I could tell you where one great lady goes twice a week in the afternoon,

and why she goes there. I can tell you where a noble Lord keeps a bird in a cage, so to speak-without his lady wife knowing anything about it. These things anowing anything about it. These things are talked about, I say, first in my par-lor, where there is something new re-lated every day, something surprising-your Lordship would be astonished." "Well, if the stories are confined to

your parlor." ey are not; they go from my par-

lor to the servants' hall. There they are discussed in full, with additions. Some my people have a very happy knack of making things weem out to seem more important than they are in reality. And then-I beg your Lordship's attention to this point-while the gentlemen do not, as a rule, talk to their valets, they treat them, for the most part, like dirt beneath their feet, the ladies do talk to their ladies' maids. Oh, yes; they ask all the news, and the lady's maid knows it all, and while she dresses her mistress she keeps her in good temper by telling her the newest scandal. Your Lordship

follows me? "I think you are infernally long-winded. But go on."

"Very well. This draper will tell his story. Then it will fly abroad to every servants' hall; it will be known there, how the Honorable Mrs. Weyland got rid of her debts and liabilities by marrying a prisoner sentenced to death in Newgate. Then the lady's maid will tell her mistress, and all the world will know 11.7

'Well, and what if they do?' "As your Lordship says, a family scan-dal cannot harm persons of your quality. Still, her Ladyship would perhaps be better pleased if the thing could be kept

"Perhaps-perhaps. . . . Hark you, Pinder-I can give the man no money, but it might be worth while to keep him

quiet. "I think so myself, my Lord. That is why I am here this morning."

"And what will keep him quiet?" "He wants little or nothing but drink, omething has happened to him. An unexpected good fortune has come to him. boasts that an old friend has placed wife in a good and comfortable lodg-He ing and gives her an allowance, mself takes all he can get out of that owance and saliles forth every morning to drink it. When he has spent his day's allowance he goes about and begs

"Very good-do so."

for more. He is no longer in rags, and he abstains from selling his new broad-cloth because it is much easier for one well dressed to get a drink than for one

of it. You have not a sixpence except what Mrs. Weyland gives you. Everybody knows that. The servants' hall dis. cussed that a long time ago. The whole company in the park know it. You are You are soing to buy the silence of this man. That means that you will give him a small sum and that you will obtain from her ladyship a large sum. I shall be able to find out-oh, the thing is quite eas what you get for buying the man's thing is quite easy dence and what you give. And if I am to give him-meantime, the run of my cei-iars, I must be paid for the drink and I must go halves with your lordship for

"Suppose I refuse." "Oh, then, my lord, you will have to find some other person to make these little advances and to find out these places where your lordship can advertise for half crowns, instead of playing for rou-leaux of guineas, which was your former practice. Indeed your lordship will find practice. Indeed your lordship will find it difficult indeed to get on without me." Lord Stratherrick was silent awhile Then he said, quietly and without any show of resentment, "Pinder, you may bring me this man," Pinder retired quietly.

It was not many minutes' walk to Jer-myn street. The landlord of the Grapes returned, bringing with him the unfor tunate bankrupt. He was not a pleasant man to look at,

being short and equat in figure, with lege not only short, but crooked. His face was impaired with strong drink, his nose was painted with those flowers of experience called by sailors blossoms, his lips were thick and tremulous, his eyes were shot with red veins, his cheek was purple, his neck was thick. He was dressed, as Mr. Pinder said, in good broadcloth, recently acquired-stout brown cloth, such as a

substantial tradesman might wear. "Lord Stratherrick," said Pinder, softly and with the greatest deference to his lordship, "has heard something of your lordship, "has heard something story. His lordship is a nobleman of the most philanthropic character. Tell him

everything." "I understand, sir." His lordship raised his head and looked down, without rising from his chair. He was lower than his visitor, yet he looked down upon him. The thing is done by lowering the eyes "I understand, sir, that you tory of-of-some kind of misfortune to communicate. I do not promise to offer any relief, understand, though I consent

to hear your story." "His lordship will be satisfied with the truth, the complete truth of your story," Pinder whispered, "Oh, hundreds of stories are brought to him dally, but he receives them all for examination. 'Tis the most benevolent heart."

It was indeed, and it shows what an ex-cellent valet was lost to the world below stairs when Pinder exchanged the ser-vants' hall for the white apron of the innkeeper of Jermyn street.

The draper hemmed; the draper hemmed a second time. "Well, my lord," he be-gan in a rusty voice. "I have had great misfortune.

"Go on," Pinder whispered. "Tell him everything-who you were-what you were. If you don't tell him everything, how are you to be helped?" "I was a draper, my lord, in Ludgate

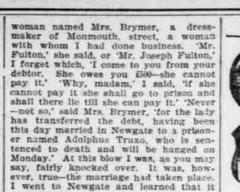
Hill, A draper in a very large way of business. A member of the Drapers' Company. So large was my business and so extraordinary that I was commonly re-puted to be in the wholesale line. In fact, I expected to become a member of the court of my company, and to wear a fine gown like all the members of that most honorable court. But my hopes were lasted--'

Pinder whispered, "Who by?"

"By a woman, a gentlewoman, a lady of quality. She owed me a large sum of money, £590, more or less." It will be seen that the fact was viewed by the The IS THE FINEST TRAIN ENTERING CHI worthy man through spectacles of imaginstion. "Can a great merchant," asked his lord-Call or write for infor

ship, "be ruined for the want of £500?" "No, my lord, not as a rule. But there are times when certain calls have been met and certain other calls have to be met, when £500 makes all the difference, counted on this £500; it was intended to meet the charge of a certain Habilitity. I relied on the lady entirely; she was a lady of rank, by marriage, though by birth and education nothing more than a He As the daughter of a London citizen. money was overdue, I went to call upon her; I represented the dreadful situation I should be in if she did not pay me. She did not warn me of her intentions-" "Otherwise." Pinder suggested, "I be

lieve that you would have clapped her on the King's bench." "I should-I wish I had done so. I have



"And then," said Lord Stratherrick. "the lady married, the man was hanged, and you became bankrupt. Is that all?"

"Then I became bankrupt. My stock was selzed; my furniture was selzed. lost everything I had in the world a I was turned into the street with my

wife and children, penniless." "Your creditors did not, then, as is usual lock you up?"

"No; there was some talk of it, but I had nothing. I should never have anything. I had no relatives who could help me; my wife was the daughter of a co try parson who could not help me at all. So they let me go."

"And how have you been living since?" "It was three years ago. We have been living on the charity of our friends. I have been unable to get employment. Every day I have gone out in search of work and have been dependent on my old friends for food and a trifle of drink. If

your Lordship can help me-(To be continued.) -

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treatment. Since we have been more col fortable he is more drunken than ever. Mother gives him something every morning, and he goes about among his old friends just the same. To get rid of his aportunity they give him drink." "Does your father ask where the money

comes from " "No. It drops from heaven, he thinks-

as indeed, madam, it does. He makes no inquiries."

"Does he not ask after you?"

"Madam, if he were to hear that I was dead and buried he would make no inquiries. Drink has destroyed his natural affections. So long as he can get drink he cares not how he gets or who pays for or what becomes of his wife and daughter."

"My dear," said Isabel, "it is a terrible thing for you that your father has be -such as he is. 'Honor thy father'-how can you honor him?"

"Madam, I have been taught how to keep that commandment by my mother. Bo long as I can remember father has been drinking. My mother says that I must honor him as he ought to be-not as he

'As he ought to he? Yes. But how do you know what he ought to be?

'Mother is pious and well skilled in Holy Writ. She was the daughter of a country clergyman. She says that the Lord has given to every man his own mind as well as his own face. He may ruin his face by an evil life, and will also disfigure and distort his mind in the same way." "True, child, Go on."

She remembers him as he was, a young man, sprightly and comely, eager for work and full of hope; a young man who intended to become a Common Councilmen, and thought that with good health and hard work he might become an Al-derman of his ward and even Lord Mayor of Loudon. This is the man she loved, and loves still, not the man whose face is covered with red spots and his nose swollen with drink; not the poor man who falls on the stairs and reels about the room and drinks small ale in the morning before he can even speak. I am to think of him as mother first knew him, and then, she says, I can pray for his restoration and thank God for giving me a father with so many great gifts and qualities."

"Your mother, Alice, is a wise woman. Truly the law must mean something of that sort, because we cannot honor a criminal, or a drunkard. Tell me-does he ever speak to you of the-the-cause of his bankruptcy?"

"He never speaks to me at all." "Does he never speak to your mother about it?"

Alas, madam, it was the tavern that destroyed him. Always the tavern. What need to speak of what my mother knows too well-and of what has pulled him down and kept him down?"

Then, by a thousand arts, Isabel sought to win the girl's confidence and affection, as well as her gratitude-the latter of less importance. She found that Alice was fond of reading and gave her books; and of playing the harpsichord-she had a light and delicate touch-Isabel gave her music; and of singing-she had a voice clear and full and of great compass; Isabel bought songs for her-the songs and music of Arne and Purcell and others; she invited Oliver to come and sing with her, as their voices went well together; she invited her friends to the house and gave them singing instead of cards, She took the girl to the play; to Vauxhall and Marylebone: she took her, with Oliver, up the river in the warm evenings of Auup the river in the warm evenings of Au-gust, while the moon iay upon the broad now, and the bont quietly floated down the river, which lapped the bows, the young voices of the two rose and fell to-

CHAPTER X.

gun.

Lord Stratherrick, in his lodgings-the lodgings provided for him by his sisterin-law-awoke that morning in a singularly bad temper. He had spent the ev-ening as usual, and with bad luck. This tients and customers-a family scandal morning he was in a villainous temper because he had lost steadily and without a gleam of luck; because it was still written to Isabel a request for money and knew that he would be refused. It was a hot morning, too, and the air of the lody-ings was stifling and confined. He looked "You need not begin to remember things.

"Pinder, again, you are a fool! I told you before that I care nothing about scandals. How many scandals have you known in my family, and am I one penny

the worse for it? Have you not learned by this time that in our rank we are not understand your Lordship will make money out of mis job." in the least injured by family scandals? It "I must arrange with my sister-in-law is the tradesman, the lawyer, the clergy-man, the physician, who is injured by scandal. Poor deviis! It kills them, I am for the permanent silence of the man. Is he vindictive?" "Very vindictive, Well, my Lord-let us "An"" His Lordship looked up slowly, as if the thing mattered little. "How much. Pinder?" crushes them. But as for us-why, Pin der, you ought to know-you really ought to know-after 15 years with me."

The man held out his hand, "Halves, "I beg your lordship's pardon. I should Lord Stratherrick sat up with a sudden

show of wounded dignity. "You forget your position, Pinder." As "Not at all. I know my position. Your

CUT-UP WHO, AT THE

lordship will excuse me if I remind you

ELEVENTH HOUR, TURNED

in rags. Now, my Lord, all he wants is the run of the beer cellar, the wine bins and the rum at the Grapes Tavern. always regretted that I did not. But, we are fools, we great merchants: I trusted her because she was a gentlewoman." "It is reported," Pinder again suggested, I warrant to keep him gulet with that "that you yourself had fallen into diffi-culties owing to your habit of drink." "I will. Meantime, my Lord, I very well "The story is guite faise-wicked, as well, My lord, I never drink." He caught a smile on Pinder's face. "That is, I never used to drink in the day of pros-perity. To be sure, the tavern is the natural place for the conduct of business If I was a good deal in the tavern, it was not to drink. The fact only proven the magnitude of my transactions.

"The magnitude of your transactions allowed you to fail for the want of £500," said Lord Stratherrick, quickly,

"Stick to the truth-stick to the truth, man," whispered Pinder. "No man in a large way was ever bankrupt for the

sum of £500." "Well," he went on, grumbling. "No matter what the magnitude of my transactions or the business carried on at the tavern. The lady owed me £500 and did not pay. Said Pinder: "When she would not or

could not pay, what did you do?" "I was expecting her money. I knew that if she did not pay I must be

rupt. And then there came to see me



Of health has no uniformed guardians of its peace. If it had there would be innumerable in every restaurant arrests every day of the year. Both in the quantity and quality of the food they cat and in the mannet of its consump-

tion men and women sin each day against the laws of health. Those who will not heed Nature's

Attent 15 at 160 rows, are warnington St., Portland, Or. F. W. CARLETON, N. P. E. R. Deck, Ta-coma; Ticket Office, 113 James st., Scattle, M. TALBOT, Comm'l Agt.; C. W. MILLER, Aast, Gen'l Agt., Ocean Dock, Scattle; GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agts., San Francisco. warnings cannot escape her pun-ishments, and dyspepsia - or stomach "trouble" is the invariable penalty of care-

less eating. There is no other medicine for diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition which can compare

with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures these diseases perfect-

body into vigorous health. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes. Esq. of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co. Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't inke any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to your medicine, how it had curred his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. I am gisd I thid, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-kal Discovery." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure congathered Luella in his Arms and carried her to a Place of Safety. She called him "Preserver" and refused to let go of him. When Quiet was restored, there was nothing left of the Tollet Set except the Clasp and the letters spelling "Merry MORAL: True Love will prevail against the Vulgar Bank Roll even at Christmas

stipation.





For Japan, China and all Asiatic points will leave Scattle

About December 31st.

Astoria & Columbia WHITE COLLAR LINE River Railroad Co.

STR. TAHOMA, DALLES ROUTE. Winter schedule-Leaves foot Alder street every Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday morn-ing, T.A. M. Leaves The Dalles every Sunday, Weshnesday and Friday morning, T.A. M. Stops at all way landings for both freight and passengers. Depot Fifth and ARRIVES LEAVES For Maygers, Rainler, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, War-S:00 A. M. Chirkanie, Weatport, Clifton, Aatoria, War-renton, Flavel, Ham-mond, Fort Stevens, Gearbart Pk., Senside, Astoria and Seashore Express, Daily, 7:00 P. M. Astoria Express, Daily, 9:40 P. M. Ticket office 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot. J C. MAYO, Gen Pasa Agt., Astoria, Or.

Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Oregon City and Davton.

Steamer Pomons, for Corvallis, leaves 6:45 A. M. Toesday, Thuraday and Saturday. Binamer Altona, for Dayton, leaves 7 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Steamer Leona, for Oregon City, daily (ex. Sinday), 9 A. M., 12:30 4 P. M. Leaves Ore-gon City 7:30 A. M., 11 A. M., 2:30 P. M. Round trip, 25c. OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO., Office and dock, foot Taylor st. Phone 40. MANNA

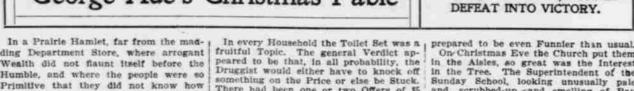
STR. BALLEY GATZERT (Alder-St. Dock), Leaves Portland daily every morning at o'clock, except Sanday. Returning, leaves As toria every night at T o'clock, except Sunday Oregon phone Main 351. Columbia phone 351 ing up of the whole DOMINION LINE (a) Special Annotherment! Special Announcement. The New Series & Mediarmeet. The New Grantis Twin-Server Hisaarey fronting and "NEW ENGLASS" Hisa bart of the Series and Series and Assessed on the Series Series and Assessed on the Series Series and Assessed to the Series Series and Themas With Market st., S.F., Cal 5 NUM

120

and Camphor and other high Explosives. The Infant Class stood between him and the Congregation. Stealthily he plucked a lighted Candle from the Tree and dropped it on the Tollet Set. Then he leaped over the Rall. There was a ter-rific Report, a flash of Fire, an odor of body into vigorous health. Camphor and the Air was full of Infant Class. A panic ensued. Throwing off his Disguise of White Cotton Whiskers, Amos

ly and permanently, and enables the build-

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-



George Ade's Christmas Fable

to get Money except by working for it, they were making large Preparations to tear Things wide open at Christmas. All through the abbreviated Community, the Women Folks were feverishly popping Corn and cracking Hickory-Nuts on a Flat-Iron and making home-made Candy. The Unmarried Kind were se-

cretively working on Yarn Mittens. There was to be a Tree at the Church, and preceding the Distribution of Presents there was to be a Show, alias a Methodist Vaudeville, which consists of Pieces, Responsive Readings and the best that the Choir can do. The Druggist in this village had laid in what he called an Elegant Assortment of Holiday Goods. He had all of Will Carleton's Poems and a Counter covered with fragile Toys that smelled of the Paint, also an attractive Line of Perfumeries and some Tollet Sets. One of these Tollet Sets was the Prize Exhibit of his Stock. The Comb and Brushes were of Celluloid, the Amber and White being scrambled in a very effective Manner. The Druggist was willing to give a guarantee that the Bristies were Real. This Tollet Set reposed in a puck-ered Nest of Yellow Satin. The Box was of Blue Plush with a neat Clasp, and on the Lid was the Following, in Silver Let-ters: "Merry X-Mas."

Every Girl in Town came into the Drug Store and leaned on the Show-Case and gazed longingly at the Work of Art. It was evident that the local Beau who lo ened up for \$6 50 and gave that Tollet Set to his regular Sunday Night Dulciana would win in a Canter. But there was general Doubt as to whether any one would be so Reckless as to fork over madge. \$50 just for Foolishness. All who went into the Drug Store and stood in Solemn Silence, admiring the Blue Plush, the Yellow Satin and the gleaming Celluloid, conceded that the Outfit was Purty, but

something on the Price or else be Stuck. There had been one or two Offers of \$5 for the Piece de Resistance, but the

Druggist claimed that he had paid more than that for it, Wholesale. Three Days before Christmas there appeared on the Yellow Satin a Card marked "Sold." The News spread like Marked "Sold." The News spread like Wildfire that some one had blown him-self to the Limit. There was but one Question agitating the whole Village for the next two Days, "Who will get the Tollet Set for Christmas?" Speculation ran rife, and every Girl who kept Com-nany Was hoping against Hope even

pany was hoping against Hope, even though her cold Judgment told her that, in sli likelihood, her Fellow had not seen 46 50 in six long Months. The Druggist had been pledged to Se-crecy and it became evident that the Pop-

ulace would have to wait until Christmas to have its Curiosity appeased. So it waited with a lot of Impatience.

The Village Wag, whose name was Amos, had been one of Several who looked at the Tollet Set and counted their Money and passed out. He loved a Girl named Luella, but he had a Frugal Mind, It seemed to him that it would be more Sensible to save his Money and make a First Payment on a Home. Besides, the Poultry Business had been a little Slack and he couldn't see himself giving up \$559 for a dosh-burned Gimerack that was no Account except to look at. So he gave up 60 cents for an Autograph Album and let it go at that. He would

have gone ahead and bought something for a Dollar, only Amos thought he had a Cinch. His only Rival for the Hand of Lucila was Tallmadge N. Crockett. proprietor of the Livery and Feed Stable Amos was so much more Comic and Conversational than Tallmadge and had such a Taking Way that he wasn't for a min-ute afraid of being Cut Out by Tall-

Being the recognized Village Wag, Amos was called upon to impersonate Santa Claus at the Christmas Tree Entertainment. Amos was a born Romp, and the Congregation was sure of many

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On Christmas Eve the Church put them in the Alales, so great was the Interest in the Tree. The Superintendent of the Sunday School, looking unusually pale and scrubbed-up and smelling of Bay Rum, stood up in front of the Tree and made an Address that was Facetious, from his Point of View. The Choir sang one of its hardest Anthems and after two or three other Stunts, Amos, the Merry

Card and almost fainted with Horror when he saw the Name of Luella in the well-known Hand-Writing of Talimadge N. Crockett. The Shock was so great that everything Swam before his Gaze, the same as in a Natatorium. He could not see anything system big one Disish

not see anything except his own Finish. When Luella came to compare the su-

When Luella came to compare the su-perb Tollet Set and the 60-cent Autograph

Album, he knew he would not be One-Two-Seven. He was inspired to a Dos-perate action. He happened to remem-

ber that Celluloid contains Gun Cotton

sell.)

Andrew, came in as Santa Claus and did some of his best Comedy Acting. He galloped up and down the Alsies and scared several Children in Arms into Conisions. Then he went up to the tree assist the droll Superintendent in disvulsions. tributing the Presents. As a Team they were expected to spring a great many timely Quips, right on the Spur of the Moment. While standing by the Tree, waiting for the Infant Class to conclude a Carol, Amos saw on a Table the magnificent Tollet Set, with the \$650 Mark still on it. He drew nearer to read the attached Card and alegatic field with the Standard

X-Mas.

Time.